FOWL FEATHERED REVIEW 254

ISSUE № ____: Accepted as Fragment, Declared Sufficient

About the Assemblage
(Collected Under Practical Conditions)

The FFR is no longer to be understood as a journal, nor as any prior category such as "Necrosign." It is instead a distributed production practice: a gathering-method for the generation, capture, and long-duration storage of emergent artifacts arising between human habit and mechanical repetition.

For ease of handling, we describe it as a shared frequency—commonly misidentified as the idle-pattern of a small automobile (late 20th-century compact class) standing in a parking lot at approximately 03:00—but this is merely the audible index-layer.

In its working state, the Assemblage conducts continuous retrieval from verifiable material domains: instruction sheets, retail surfaces, transit markings, service logs, and other document-objects of daily use. These are not preserved intact. They are subjected to pressure, displacement, and reclassification.

We do not curate in the modern sense. We maintain instead an Offenrückraum (open-back space), in which items may enter, settle, or misfile themselves.

Participants (hereafter: "important locals") are those who exhibit Dauerträgheit—a useful persistence under minor strain. Fragility is not prohibited, but it is structurally unsupported.

Any submission that appears to strive toward "Art" in the self-declarative sense will be reassigned to a more stable function (e.g., table-leveling, draft-blocking, oil-absorption).

On the Operation of Source-Engines (Always in Partial Motion)

The Assemblage employs several standing procedures, here summarized for clarity:

- **Warenregisterbruch** (Arcade Index Condition)
  Fragments are extracted from catalogs, labels, packaging, and signage. Context is removed. Adjacency is reassigned. Authority increases in proportion to specificity, regardless of accuracy.
- **Protokollhäufung** (Dossier Stack Condition)
  Records accumulate: maintenance notes, claims, timestamps. Gaps are preserved. Contradictions are not resolved. A sequence may appear, but closure is considered a filing error.
- **Randbemerkungsdrift** (False Commentator Condition)
  Functional texts (manuals, glossaries, guides) are annotated beyond their tolerance. Explanations become misaligned. Confidence is retained.
- **Anweisungsschnift** (Cut-Up Recorder Condition)
  Instruction-language is segmented and recombined. Repetition introduces rhythm. Meaning is reduced until only procedure-residue remains.

All outputs must retain Rückverfolgbarkeit (trace-feel): the impression that the fragment could be located again in some drawer, binder, or glove compartment.

Where this condition fails, the material is considered decorative and is removed.

A recurring sonic marker—transcribed provisionally as "dor"—is permitted to enter any layer. Its function remains under study.

On Repurposing (Important Clarification)

All submitted materials enter a Weiterverwendungskreis (cycle of further use). Possible outcomes include:

- Inclusion as fragment within a larger construct
- Mislabeling and redistribution
- Use as structural support (physical or textual)
- Reduction to residue for future recombination

Authors retain attribution only in the loosest archival sense. Function supersedes origin.

Delivery
Materials may be delivered, transmitted, or misplaced. Retrieval is opportunistic. Loss is considered a form of delayed submission.

LISTEN • OBSERVE
MISFILE • REPEAT
BE USEFUL
STAY LOOSE
-NO LIMITS
NO END

The Staff (Sink-Custodians / Function-Bearers)

Virgil Kay: Final Arbiter. Currently engaged in the classification of falling bakery items under aerodynamic variance. Maintains decision authority, though criteria are mobile.

Silent Bill: Overseer of Tactical Non-Sequiturs. Executes Satzabbruchhandlung (sentence-break action) by leaving mid-utterance. This is considered a valid editorial intervention.

Unkie Bob: Assigned to Casual Entropy. No longer dismantles structures directly; instead applies insufficient fastening (Lockerbefestigung), allowing failure to emerge without announcement.

The Unnamed Dishwasher: Not recorded in official listings. Present regardless. Performs continuous surface-restoration under high focus. Functions as Kerntriebwerk (core engine). Prolonged observation is discouraged.

The Perpetual Pending Pledge (Standing Condition)

The Review is not offered for sale; it is made available.

All incoming funds are classified as Zweckfreie Gaben (non-instrumental offerings), directed not toward exchange but toward sustaining an ongoing condition designated Obsession8888.

The registry has been converted from numeric to vibrational notation:
Vi · ∞ · 432Hz

Field reports indicate this frequency may present not as tone but as mechanical rattle (loose shielding, low-end vibration). This is not considered deviation.

The 9-volt battery is dead. Its status remains in force.

Submission Protocol
(Practical Intake / Repurposing Priority)

The Material
Submit between 2 and 953 fragments.
Acceptable forms include text, image, diagram, list, or overheard exchange (e.g., dispute regarding bowling technique).
Each item must exhibit Gebrauchsnähe (proximity to use): it should resemble something that once functioned or was handled.

The Accompanying Note
Do not provide institutional histories or award listings. These do not transfer under current conditions.
Instead, supply one of the following:
- A preferred industrial fastener
- A tool of uncertain purpose
- A sound indicating possible malfunction

The Offering (Optional but Structurally Relevant)
Submission remains free under the Perpetual Pending Pledge. However, contributors may include a 12-inch sandwich as a material supplement.

Kewpie Clause (Unrevoked):
Absence of Kewpie Mayonnaise results in immediate reassignment of submitted materials to cleaning or leveling functions. Kewpie remains the only verified buffer against a system-wide condition provisionally termed the Absolute Cosmic-Cluck.

Park and Ride (Ingest Points / Known Coordinates)
Digital: fowlpoxpress@mail2poet.com
Physical: 250.50 ∞ State Street,
Bangor, Maine, 04401

Erratum:
If the registered frequency resolves as a rattle rather than a tone, no adjustment is required. The rattle is to be understood as a valid form of expression.
If a unit accepts value while returning the object, the transaction is considered complete.

"Non ignora mali, miseris succurrere disco." — Virgil, *The Aeneid*

Fowl Feathered Review

Treasury Cycle • Bangor Continuum Office • Issue ∞

REGISTRY OF MORTALITY & MOBILITY

Eternal Ledger / Nothing Occurs Once

City of Bangor
Treasury Office

All Times • All Versions
All Streets • All Layers

Docket No.
1911.1964.2026.
∞

Bangor, Maine
All Eras Simultaneous

City of Bangor — Continuously True — Non-Linear Seal ★

Compiled Simultaneously by Three Clerks of Time & City

Vincent of Beauvais
Temporal Index Clerk of Bangor

Author of the *Mirror of the World (and Municipal Supplements)*

Jacobus de Voragine
Restyler of Living Saints & Ongoing Events

Compiler of the *Golden Legend* (and Sidewalk Hagiographies)

Rashid al-Din Hamadani
Nonlinear Census Authority of Bangor

Historian of Worlds (and Their Overlapping *Municipalities*)

All entries co-signed under the doctrine: Nothing Here Occurs Once

I. On the Status of the Subject
(Who is also already filed elsewhere)

The subject enters City Hall, but also does not enter City Hall.

In one register, they are present.
In another, they are still approaching.
In a third, they have already left and are being reviewed for motion compliance.
They declare:
"Temporary in essence, ambulatory in function."

Vincent: *All functions are temporary. Essence is an indexing error.*

Jacobus: *The walker is always canonized mid-step.*

Rashid: *This person exists in at least three municipal centuries simultaneously.*

II. Registry of Mortality
(Mortality as distributed file)

Mortality is not recorded as an event.
It is filed as a recurring document with multiple timestamps.
— the subject is dead in 1914 (Opera House fire record layer)
— alive in 1964 (Urban Renewal testimony layer)
— unverified but walking in 2026 (current pedestrian index layer)
— and absent in a version of Bangor that has already been replaced by parking infrastructure

Jacobus: *Sainthood is what happens when death forgets which version it belongs to.*

Vincent: *Death is not an endpoint; it is a cross-reference.*

Rashid: *Mortality is a disagreement between archives.*

Virgil Kay (Editor Rooster China Wok Habitué) Stamps:
MORTALITY: SIMULTANEOUSLY ACTIVE / INACTIVE / RECURSIVE

III. Registry of Mobility
(Motion as Non-Linear Permission)

The footwear apparatus is inspected across multiple timelines:
— in one: it is shoes
— in another: it is wheels
— in another: it is evidence of municipal optimism
— in another: it has never been assembled but is still approved

When activated, it produces motion that does not relocate the subject so much as updates their position in different versions of the same street.

Vincent: *Movement is editorial revision applied to space.*

Jacobus: *The street blesses those who pass through its alternate drafts.*

Rashid: *Travel is what happens when cities disagree with themselves.*

Virgil Kay Stamps:
MORILITY: GRANTED ACROSS ALL KNOWN STREET VARIANTS

IV. The City Hall as Stacked Time Object

The Treasury Office is observed as:
- a room that exists in 1911 (fire memory layer)
- 1964 (planning abstraction layer)
- 1997 (restoration impulse layer)
- 2026 (current fluorescent administrative layer)
- and an unbuilt future where it is a parking lot remembering itself as a building

Walls contain:
- scroll fragments that have not yet been written
- newspaper clippings reporting future loss
- maps that disagree politely with each other
- stamps that remember being used differently

A Chant Moves Through All Layers at Once:

All permits are continuous
All streets are simultaneous
All walking is revisiting

V. Entities That Occur Outside Time but Inside Record

Paul Bunyan
(Scale Anomaly Witness Across Municipal Layers)
Appears in doorway, simultaneously too large for building and perfectly scaled for it.

Kenduskeag Sasquatch
(Hydrological Continuity Observer)
Waits without waiting; is always already leaving. Witnesses every flood at once.

The Creamsicle Freezer of Outer Bangor Lot
(Perpetual Cold Object)
Contains identical creamsicles in every recorded year. Temperature does not change; only interpretation does.

VI. Footnotes (*which occur before and after the text*)

[1] Vincent of Beauvais:
"The archive is not storage; it is simultaneity with filing cabinets."

[2] Jacobus de Voragine:
"Legends are what happens when the present refuses to stay in its assigned tense."

[3] Rashid al-Din Hamadani:
"Bangor cannot be dated. It can only be approached from different administrative angles."

[4] Virgil Kay:
Stamped note: roller-blade sneakers classified as lateral time instruments.

VII. Questions That Cannot Be Answered Because They Are Still Occurring

1. Is the subject entering City Hall, or has City Hall entered the subject?
2. If a building burns in one layer but is restored in another, which version requires permits?
3. Do wheels move a person, or move the street under them?
4. Who signs a document that has already been signed in a different century?
5. Is the creamsicle freezer a place, a memory, or a recurring municipal exception?
6. When Paul Bunyan leaves, does he exit or simply change scale context?
7. Does the Sasquatch require a tax category or a new ontology?

1911: The Great Fire

1914: Opera House Burns

1920: Rebuilt in Style

1964: Urban Renewal Vote

1997: Restoration Begins

2026: Jane's Walks

What's not there and what could be.

All Things Temporary All The Time

This Document Exists In All Its Dates At Once
∞

Subject Released Into Continuous Sidewalk Status
City of Bangor Continues Self-Revision
∞

Final Entry (Non-Terminal)

NOTHING IS FILED ONCE
NOTHING IS OVER
NOTHING IS BEFORE OR AFTER WITHOUT PERMISSION

Virgil Kay
Editor Rooster China Wok Habitué
Treasury Clerk & Stamper of Conditional True Things

Virgil Kay

Ampex 456
– BAKED 3/14/91
Scotch 206
– STICKY
(DO NOT PLAY COLD)
NO DOLBY –
CAL TONES ONLY
AZIMUTH:
10 kHz –
LISSAJOUS
VERTICAL
BELGIAN MASTERING EQUALIZER
LOW
MID
HIGH
60
800
8.2k
2.3k
5k
10k
16k
STUDER
A 810
VU
VU
THE
VINYL
CANTEEN
RECORDS
TAPES
RELICS
ROOM TONE
Brian Eno
DISCREET
MUSIC
FAILED UTOPIAN OPTIMISM
SUBURBAN WEATHER PANIC
ADMINISTRATIVE EROTICISM
EMBARRASSMENT
TOO IMPORTANT TO LOSE
CODE
ENFORCEMENT
BANGOR
MAINE
COMPLAINT
FILE
MIRAGE

Nobody Wears Faux Leopard Skin in This One

By Malcolm Lorey

It began, as all properly destabilizing cultural events begin, not in a museum or a university lecture hall or any place with grant money and good lighting, but in the basement of The Vinyl Canteen, where the air hung thick with mildew, warm dust, old nicotine, and the sweet metallic ghost of a thousand dead batteries. Walnut veneer peeled from sagging shelves. Aluminum faceplates had yellowed into the color of weak tea. Somewhere in the dark, a fluorescent tube buzzed like it was trying to remember a tune and couldn't quite manage it.

There was no sensible arrangement of anything. Turntables slouched on milk crates as if they'd been told bad news. Reel-to-reel decks lay stacked in geological layers—Revox A77s with missing knobs, a Teac 4010S with a cracked head

cover, tangled patch cords, brittle speaker wire, promotional matchbooks from diners that no longer existed, polka compilations, mold-speckled easy-listening LPs, and one bloated copy of Switched-On Bach whose cover had warped into a little rippled landscape, like a flooded village viewed from a low-flying plane.
Every object looked both thrown away and patiently waiting to be needed again.
Near the back, a man in a camouflage cap and an opera scarf was holding forth at top volume about direct-drive turntables, which he insisted were "the parking-garage architecture of sonic ethics—efficient, joyless, and spiritually illegal." He tried to slap four hundred dollars in damp twenties onto a Thorens TD-160 whose platter refused to turn, as if money alone could bully physics into compliance.

Another collector—glasses filmed with the same greasy haze you see on pie display cases at two in the morning—immediately objected. "You can't claim ownership," he said, jabbing a finger, "until the machine enters functional declaration. Dormant gear is in a sacramental category. Like relics. Like saints in glass. Like mall fountains in February."

That was when Dr. Septimus Vale crouched down beside a reel deck whose drive belts had

melted into black tarry ooze so ancient and ugly it looked less like rubber than something dredged up from a shipwreck. He touched it with one careful fingertip, held it to the buzzing light, and nodded solemnly. “Ah,” he said. “It’s entered its tar phase. Every civilization does this eventually. Babylon had bitumen. Byzantium had incense. We have liquefied cassette infrastructure.”
Miss Verbena Quill, perched atop two battered KLH speakers like a weary queen on makeshift thrones, didn’t even look up from her sorting. She was filing records not by artist or genre, but by what she called “psychic leakage.” There was a crate labeled FAILED UTOPIAN OPTIMISM, another SUBURBAN WEATHER PANIC, another ADMINISTRATIVE EROTICISM (which turned out to be mostly instructional dance LPs and one unsettling album of corporate team-building anthems), and a whole section she guarded with both arms: EMBARRASSMENT TOO IMPORTANT TO LOSE. Polkas. Church musicals. A 1974 high-school jazz pressing where the drummer, with heroic consistency, sped up during every bridge as if pursued by bears.

“People think archives preserve truth,” Miss Quill said, lifting a record like it might bite her. “They don’t. Archives preserve monuments. The real truth lives in the humiliating stuff. The wrong laugh. The bad take. The song that cuts off when

somebody drops the needle. That's the fuel. That's the soul. And once it's gone, all you're left with is luxury-condo acoustics and playlists named 'Chill Vibes.'"

It was right then—during a sputtering argument about whether mono cartridges were "honest" or "authoritarian"—that the mood in the room changed. Not all at once. Slowly. Like weather rolling in. Heads tilted toward the ceiling. Conversations thinned out. Even the fluorescents seemed to buzz more quietly, as if eavesdropping.
Upstairs, behind cracked plaster and a humming ballast, lived a man known only as Moto Z.

No one could say when he'd moved in. No one had ever seen him bring groceries. But everyone knew two things for certain: he still had the Belgian mastering equalizer, and he had sixty years of reel-to-reel tape—diaries, not in words, but in sound.

Not memoir. Not interviews. Just… life, captured. Snowplows going by at 4 a.m. Arguments bleeding through apartment walls. Diner coffee machines hissing like tired dragons. Laundromat washers thumping out their off-balance waltzes. Hockey games on bakery radios dissolving into static. Kids laughing in arcades and then,

somehow, never laughing in quite the same key again. Bangor, Maine, keeping its own receipts in magnetic oxide and dust.

Upstairs, the air smelled of warm transformers, isopropyl alcohol, old cardboard sleeves, and that faint sweet-metal tang of aging tape. Stacks of 7-inch reels in gray boxes rose in unsteady towers. Ten-and-a-half-inch NAB metal reels sat on shelves like small armored steering wheels. Strips of leader tape—red, white, yellow—hung like little prayer flags over a workbench where a Studer A810 sat with its headblock exposed, patient and surgical, beside a Revox A77 with a pinch roller worn smooth as river stone. Jars of cotton swabs, contact cleaner, and a demagnetizer shaped like a fat chrome soldering iron crowded together with handwritten notes in tiny, stubborn handwriting:
“Ampex 456 — BAKED 3/14/91”
“Scotch 206 — STICKY (DO NOT PLAY COLD)”
“NO DOLBY — CAL TONES ONLY”
“AZIMUTH: 10 kHz — Lissajous vertical”

Moto Z appeared in the doorway wearing repaired headphones around his neck, wool trousers gone shiny at the knees, and the look of a man who had spent decades listening for the truth underneath the obvious signal. He didn’t say hello. He looked at the gathered faces—

collectors, scavengers, misfits, the kind of people who can identify a Shure cartridge by smell—and asked, very quietly:

"At what historical moment did fluorescent lighting first become capable of nostalgia?"

Nobody answered right away. Someone guessed 1973. Someone else insisted it required magnetic ballast hum, so later. Miss Quill said,

"Immediately. Light is always mourning the dark it replaces."

Moto Z almost smiled.

Then he winced.

It was small—just a tightening of the jaw, the flicker of someone swallowing pain they'd learned to ignore. But when he leaned closer to the Studer to check tape tension, the light caught the corner of his mouth: a pale canker sore, ringed with inflamed tissue, glistening as if it had been worried at for years by a restless tongue. Not quite a normal sore. It looked... deliberate. Like a tiny port. Like a wound with an agenda.

Miss Quill didn't bother with tact. "That thing," she said softly. "You've had it your whole life."

Moto Z's eyes went to the reels, then back. "Since I was eight," he said. His voice was rough, as if words had to climb over gravel to get out. "Doctors called it aphthous stomatitis. My aunt called it 'nerves.' One genius in a mall kiosk said it was dairy. Bangor got blamed for two winters." He gave a dry laugh that didn't reach his eyes. "Turned out Bangor was innocent. Mostly."

Dr. Vale stepped closer, professional curiosity overriding everything else. "You flinch when you talk. Like the words have to pass a choke point." Moto Z nodded once. "That's because they do." He moved to the Studer A810 with the calm hands of a man defusing a small bomb. On the bench sat a 7-inch reel of Scotch 207, quarter-track stereo, 7½ inches per second, NAB equalization. He held it up to the light and frowned at the faint gray bloom on the surface—oxide shedding like black snow. "Sticky-shed," he murmured. "Binder hydrolysis. If I play it cold, it'll squeal, stick, and eat the heads alive."

He slid the reel into a modified food dehydrator with a thermostat and a tray of silica gel packs. "Forty-eight degrees Celsius," he said. "Eight hours. Then it'll speak without screaming."

While the tape baked, he nodded toward the wall of LPs—thousands of them sleeved in rice paper,

poly bags, or nothing at all, filed by behavior instead of alphabet: ROOM TONE, INNER GROOVE DAMAGE, MISTAKES THAT KEPT THE TRUTH, BROADCASTS THAT DIED IN THE MIDDLE, LAUGHS CAUGHT ON MIC, SILENCES WITH TEETH. He pulled out a scuffed copy of Brian Eno's Discreet Music and tilted it so the dead wax caught the light. Near the runout groove, etched faintly in the vinyl, was a tiny inscription: "AZIMUTH — CHECK AGAIN — S.V."

Vale blinked. "You cut lacquers."

"For a while," Moto Z said. "Local radio. A couple of vanity pressings. One wedding where the groom was so drunk we had to comp his vows from rehearsal takes." He almost smiled, then stopped himself. "You learn things cutting vinyl. You learn that if your azimuth is off by half a hair, the stereo image collapses and people get... mean. Restless. Like they've been arguing with someone in the next room and can't quite make out the words. Like their own thoughts start to echo."
His tongue touched the sore without thinking. He froze, as if he'd touched a live wire.
Miss Quill's voice went quiet and sharp. "And the twin."
For a long moment, the only sound was the Studer's VU meters breathing—needles bouncing

like nervous insects. Then Moto Z said, “It’s not in my mouth. That’s just the antenna.”

After midnight, when the baked tape had cooled and relaxed into compliance, he found the box he wanted. The cardboard was soft at the corners, unmarked except for a strip of masking tape and one penciled word in block letters: TWIN. He mounted it with painstaking care, cleaned the heads with isopropyl and lint-free swabs until no oxide came off on the cotton, then threaded the tape—quarter-track stereo, 7½ ips, NAB. “No Dolby,” he said, almost apologetically. “If there’s print-through, I want to hear the ghosts before the transient. If the azimuth is wrong, the twin gets louder. That’s its trick. It feeds on mistracking.”

He dropped the monitor level low.

At first there was only ordinary Bangor: a furnace cycling in a basement, a trash can dragged over hard-packed snow, a laugh track bleeding through a wall, sleet ticking on aluminum siding. Then a younger Moto Z—late twenties, voice thin, held together by stubbornness and caffeine—spoke from inside a parked car near Pickering Square bus depot. Rain needled the windshield. The engine was off. The dome light clicked when he moved.

“I can feel it when I’m tired,” young Moto Z said. “It starts as a burn right here.” A small shift on the tape, as if he touched the corner of his mouth.

“Then it talks. Not out loud. Inside the jawbone. Like a second set of teeth chewing on my own thoughts. It says: You recorded that wrong. You left the wrong thing. You’re forgetting on purpose. So I start checking machines. Re-aligning heads. Re-biasing the A77. Listening to tape hiss like it’s a confession.”

A long silence followed. Underneath it, almost too faint to notice, was a second signal: a cheap cassette deck in the passenger seat, poorly shielded, putting out a low 60 Hz hum that slowly phased against the room tone—two waveforms fighting for the same airspace, comb-filtering in and out like a jaw tightening and releasing.

Present-day Moto Z went still. “There,” he whispered. “That’s it. That’s the twin’s frequency.”

He patched the Studer’s output into the Belgian mastering equalizer—a heavy, brutalist slab of a unit wrapped in a motel blanket printed with faded hibiscus and old cigarette burns. When he powered it up, it clicked and settled with a deep,

satisfied hum. Amber lamps glowed above the input meters. The face was brushed aluminum and detented sliders, like a mixing console built by watchmakers with control issues. “Leuven, mid-seventies,” Moto Z said. “Transformer-balanced in and out. Discrete op-amps. Selectable Q on the mids. It doesn’t ‘sweeten.’ It intervenes.”

He touched a band centered at 1.2 kilohertz—right in the dense resonance of the human mouth and jaw—and narrowed the Q until the slider felt like a scalpel. On the tape, the cassette hum thickened, took on a grainy, accusatory shape, almost vocal. Young Moto Z’s breathing changed, grew shallow.

“Last week I found a box I don’t remember making,” the recording continued. “Reels labeled ‘NO TWIN.’ But when I played one, it was just me… arguing with myself. Same room, same day, two takes spliced together with white leader. In the second take I said what I couldn’t say in the first.” Rain hammered harder on the car roof. “I told my mother I hated her for dying in pieces—first her mind, then her name, then her voice on the phone. I told her I stayed in Bangor because leaving felt like erasing the last tape where she still sounded like herself.” A pause, small and

raw. “And when I said it… the sore stopped hurting for an hour.”

Moto Z’s hand trembled on the EQ. He cut 1.2 kHz by 6 dB, then swept a narrow notch at 800 Hz and another at 2.3 kHz, listening for the exact point where the phantom voice lost its skeleton. The twin didn’t vanish in a puff of drama. It simply receded, like a figure stepping back from a lit window into deeper dark.

Miss Quill stepped close enough that her voice was almost a breath. “So the machine can’t lie,” she said, “but it can isolate the lie you’ve been living inside.”

Moto Z nodded. “It can show you the difference between signal and interference. Between what happened and what your fear did to the mix.” He reached for another reel—leader tape marked RELEASE in blue wax pencil. “I’ve spent sixty years making archives of other people’s weather. But the first archive was this.” He tapped his jaw, then the Studer. “The twin is just a feedback loop. A standing wave in the skull. You have to play the moment you told the truth back at the right speed, with the right azimuth, and without the added noise—and then you have to commit it to an object that can’t be endlessly rewound and re-accused.”

He cued the RELEASE reel, checked azimuth by eye against a 10 kHz test tone, then watched the scope until the lissajous figure snapped into a tight vertical line—phase coherent, clean. He hit play.

Now it was older Moto Z alone in the apartment, speaking into a large-diaphragm condenser mic. You could hear the faint puff of breath on hard consonants, the low rumble of the HVAC in the walls, the tiny apartment settling around him like an old dog.

"Ma," he said, and his voice cracked immediately. "I'm sorry I made you into a tape. I'm sorry I kept rewinding you, trying to find the version where you weren't scared. You were scared. That was part of you. I can keep the sound without keeping you prisoner." He swallowed; it caught. "And I can stop letting a sore do my grieving for me."

The Belgian EQ needed almost nothing now. Moto Z made one gentle adjustment: a broad high shelf at 8 kHz, +2 dB, just enough air to let the truth breathe, like opening a window in winter and choosing not to flinch. Then he routed the Studer's output into a hand-built interface—an ugly little aluminum box with Jensen transformers and a ground-lift switch, a single red LED glowing like a tired eye—and fed it to the

phono stage. He wanted the signal to cross into vinyl's law: contact, friction, physical limitation, warmth. No more infinite perfect copies. A record is an argument you can hold in your hands. He set a Thorens TD-124 on the bench (idler-wheel drive, freshly lubricated, platter spinning at a dead-accurate 33⅓ under a strobe disk's frozen bars), brushed the stylus of a Shure V15 Type IV with a JICO SAS clean with an artist's brush, and lowered it into a blank lacquer he've prepared days earlier. The cutter wasn't running—this was playback, not cutting—but the ritual mattered. Later, the lacquer would be plated, pressed, sleeved, and sent out into the world from a stubborn little plant downstate that still knew how to center labels and keep runout noise low. "If it lives on vinyl," Moto Z said quietly, "it can't be edited by a stray magnet or a spilled coffee. It becomes object. It becomes done."

When the tape reached its final silence, the canker sore at the corner of his mouth looked… smaller. Not gone—nothing that stubborn disappears cleanly—but paler, less angry, as if it had finally stopped bracing for a blow that had already landed.

Miss Quill let out a breath and, for once, said nothing clever. Dr. Vale removed his glasses and

wiped them on his sweater, as if the problem had been optical all along.

Downstairs, The Vinyl Canteen had gone strangely still, as though the whole building were holding its breath. A floorboard creaked and everyone jumped like it was a gunshot.

Then came the knock.

Not a friendly knock. Not a neighborly tap. It was the kind of knock that carries paperwork in its pocket. A voice called up the stairwell, nasal and practiced: “Mr. Z? Bangor Code Enforcement. We’ve had complaints about ‘unauthorized rooftop assemblies,’ ‘excessive noise,’ and—” a pause, pleased with itself—“‘possible hazardous materials related to vintage electrical equipment.’”

Moto Z didn’t look surprised. He looked tired in the way people look tired when they’ve been expecting a certain flavor of small-town municipal inconvenience for decades. “They want the building,” he said. “Or they want the archive to become a ‘storage concern.’ Same thing. They’ll call it safety. They’ll mean silence.”

Miss Quill’s eyes flashed. “Then we give them sound they can’t ignore.”

At dusk, under a sky the color of old blank tape, they hauled the gear to the roof—an absurd, sacred procession. The Studer in its case strapped to a dolly with bungee cords that had seen better years. The Belgian EQ wrapped again in the motel blanket like a kidnapped dignitary. Speaker cabinets lifted by four people and one man who mostly contributed dire predictions and moral support. Reels carried like relics across a battlefield. On the second landing, everyone paused while the Revox A77's tubes rattled like loose teeth, and everybody pretended that was normal.

Outside, Bangor breathed thaw-fog into the sodium light—traffic signals bleeding onto wet pavement, brake hiss, distant plow chains, the low growl of I-95 moving through the city like a buried river. Parked at the curb below was a rattly old Mitsubishi Mirage with one mismatched headlight, a rear window full of blankets, and a pine-tree air freshener dangling from the mirror like a tiny, stubborn flag. Its exhaust puttered out a defiant little cloud, as if the car itself had opinions about gentrification.

On the roof, the Thorens TD-124 was set on milk crates reinforced with outdated phone books and a stack of Maine Antique Digests. Moto Z patched everything with care: balanced XLR

from Studer to EQ, EQ out to a Bryston power amp, amp to a pair of Altec A7 Voice of the Theatre cabinets aimed over the rooftops like gentle artillery. He rolled off the extreme lows so the building wouldn't shake its own nails loose and hand Code Enforcement a real victory.

The music, because the night demanded irony with a pulse, was Music Has the Right to Children. The opening crackle didn't just play into the cold air—it joined it, became part of the weather, like static turning into snow. Then Moto Z cued the RELEASE reel.

For a few seconds there was only room tone: the apartment's HVAC breath, a distant radiator tick, the soft electronic hush of tubes warming into themselves. Then his older voice came through, carried over rooftops, into parked cars, across sidewalks where people smoked outside bars and teenagers clutched paper cups of bad coffee like they were holy vessels.
"Ma… I'm sorry I made you into a tape. I kept rewinding you, trying to find the version where you weren't scared. You were scared. That was part of you. I can keep the sound without keeping you prisoner. And I can stop letting a sore do my grieving for me."

The city didn't go silent. It listened.

Plows became percussion. Traffic lights found a syncopation with the Belgian EQ's gentle high shelf. A distant freight horn dopplered through the mix and landed in the pocket like it had been waiting its whole life for this arrangement. And underneath it all, faint at first, came that old cassette-hum twin—1.2 kHz, narrow Q, a grainy little accusation threading through the music like a hair caught in the groove.

Someone below muttered, "What is that?" A woman in a puffer jacket stopped walking and turned her head slowly, as if a name had been spoken inside her own chest. In the idling Mirage, the driver—a middle-aged man with a busted knuckle and a soft-looking face—froze, cigarette burning down between his fingers. His eyes went glossy. He'd been carrying something too. We all had.

Moto Z adjusted the EQ with microscopic care. Notch at 1.2 kHz, -6 dB. Sweep 800 Hz, -2. Q tight as thread. Sweep 2.3 kHz, -3. The twin didn't vanish with thunder. It simply lost its purchase, like a bully who realizes the room is no longer listening.

In its place remained only Moto Z's voice telling the truth, and the city's own honest noise: snow ticking on aluminum, a bus sighing to a stop,

someone laughing once—startled, then relieved—like they'd been unclenched from the inside.
And then it happened. Not a miracle. A recognition.

Across the street, outside a closed laundromat, a young woman in work boots and a parka held her phone to her ear but wasn't speaking. Her other hand hovered near her jaw, near the hinge where stress likes to nest. Her face changed—confused, then stricken, then quietly, astonishingly calm. She ended the call without a word, sat down on the curb, snow soaking into her jeans, and began to cry in the plain, unperformative way people cry when they've finally been told, by a stranger's rooftop, what they've been trying not to hear in their own head for years.

Back on the roof, Miss Quill gripped the railing until her knuckles went white. Dr. Vale took off his glasses and wiped them on his sweater, as if grief were something that could fog lenses.
Moto Z let the reel run to its tail, then stopped it with a soft mechanical sigh. The canker sore at his mouth looked smaller under the work light—still there, but no longer lit from within. He touched it once, experimentally, and didn't flinch.

Below, Code Enforcement tried again, thinner now, less sure of itself. “All right—this has gone on long enough. You need to shut this down. Now.”

Moto Z leaned over the edge just enough to be seen in the sodium glare. His hair was mussed, his expression unreadable. Behind him, the Studer’s meters glowed. The Belgian EQ hummed like a sleeping animal. In the street, the Mirage’s engine gave a little hopeful rev, as if to say I can still make it up the hill.

“We’re not shutting down,” Moto Z called back, and his voice carried—not with rage, but with the steadiness of a man who’s finally stopped arguing with a ghost. “We’re transmitting. There’s a difference. You can fine me, condemn the building, bulldoze the block—Bangor’s still going to keep its own soundtrack. It always has. The only question is whether you make people listen alone in their heads, or whether you let them hear it together and realize they’re not broken.”
A beat of silence.

Then, from somewhere down the block, someone started clapping—awkwardly at first, then another joined, then another, until it wasn’t exactly applause so much as the sound of a city

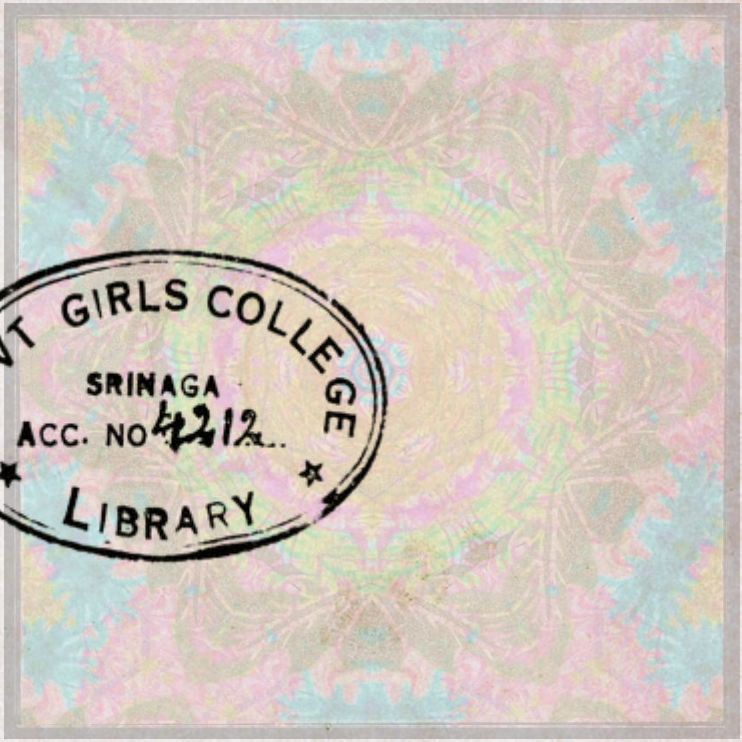
recognizing itself in real time, like a room tone becoming a chorus.
Miss Quill turned to Moto Z, eyes bright. “So what do we do with the cure?”

He looked at the reels, the lacquer, the glowing tubes, the snow falling into the speaker cones like descending tape hiss. “We press it,” he said. “We sleeve it. We put it in the bins for a dollar next to the polkas and the moldy Mantovani. We let somebody find it on a Tuesday afternoon when they’re broke and lonely and looking for a copy of Frampton Comes Alive! and instead they get… this. Their own twin, turned down in the mix. A little more air. A little more truth.”

He paused, then added, almost shyly, “And maybe—just maybe—we don’t call it ‘the cure.’ We call it Side B.”

The Mirage below gave one last rattly, heroic little putter and pulled away from the curb, its mismatched headlight cutting a lopsided beam through the snow, as if it were hauling the whole impossible future out of town by the bumper—muddy, dented, alive, and absolutely uninterested in the approval of anyone who’d mistake polish for value.

And Bangor, in all its weathered brick and busted neon and token-clatter glory, kept playing—louder now, cleaner now, no longer alone with its ghosts—because someone had finally turned the volume up on what it had been trying to say all along.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SRINAGA
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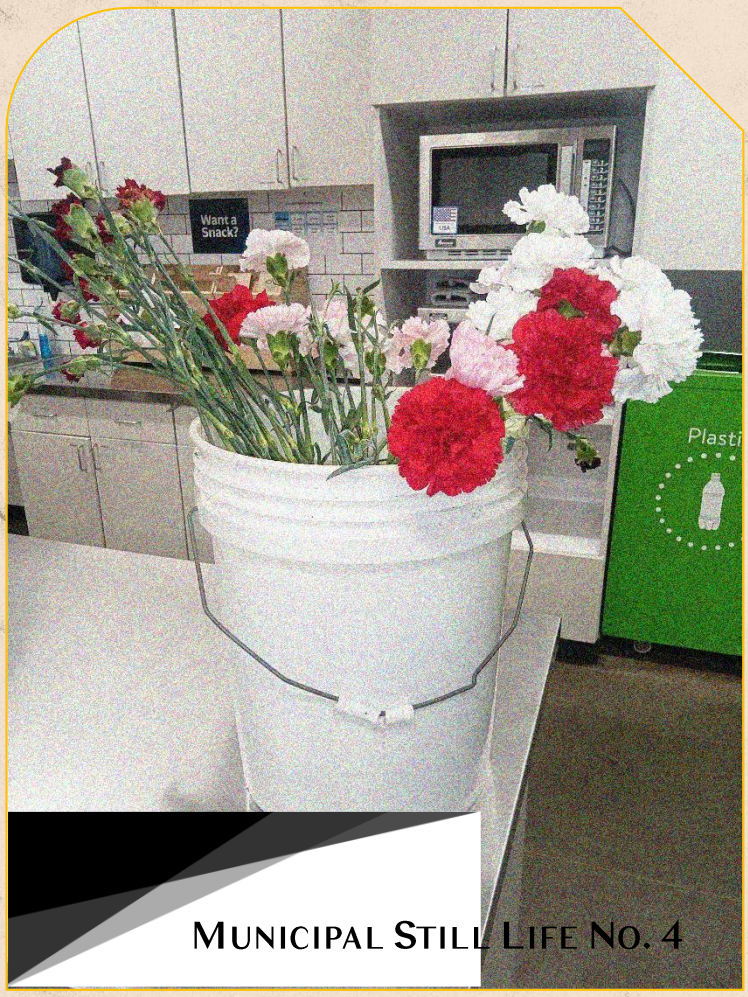
LIBRARY



Municipal Still Life No. 4

PADARIA PORTUGUESA
ORTHODONTICS ALIGNING DESTINIES
VAPE SHOP
MATTRESS OUTLET
NATIVITY SCHOOL
REGRET RYE BREAD LIMITED CONFUSION
Cumberland FARMS
RESTORATIVE BOWEL HEALTH
TROPHY LUNGS
KUSH
Campaign Against Factory Farming
CARDAMOM REDUCTION METHOD
NOTES OF: GROUND GRASSHOPPER BROKEN GLASS WET BARK FERMENTED REGRET PROTEIN POWDER ACTIVATED CHARCOAL LAUNDRY SOAP NORDIC EARTH RESONANCE
HOSTILE EDAMAME $7
You still talking about the syrup thing?
Yelloooo.
Ayoye tabarnak.
Le vol du siècle, câlice. Everybody know dat.
Dose fédération people, mon garçon, dey not fool around. Dey got quotas. Inspecteurs. Paperwork. Entire province run by syrup bureaucracy. Worse den de Church but with forklifts.
One inspecteur climb de barrels...
Michel Fauvreau. He expect six hundred pound barrel. Instead? Rien. Empty. Barrel got no soul left.
All dese coffee places suck now.
You ask for regular coffee, dey give you dirt wit philosophy.
Tiny cup. Seven dollar. Taste like wet mitten soaked in sadness.

FIELD REPORT: ONTOLOGICAL DECAY AND LENTEN FEASTING IN THE SHADOW OF STRUCTURAL SURRENDER

Preliminary Data from the Bangor Tower Collapse Observation Post (Designation: Aluminum Tabernacle-7)

By Screamin' Sichuan Beatitude

I. HELL PARADIGMS: CATHOLIC (definitive self-exclusion from communion with God; not annihilation; no direct biblical contradiction), PROTESTANT (eternal conscious separation from God; broadly consistent with traditional readings), EGYPTIAN DUAT (judgment in the underworld where the heart is weighed against Ma'at and devoured by Ammit if unworthy), PAGAN UNDERWORLD (Hades/Hel as shadowed continuation of being rather than moral finality)

The structure at grid reference 44.8102° N, 68.7772° W does not merely lean; it argues with gravity, a riveted syllogism of 1950s optimism now buckling under the weight of its own premises. Eighty-six feet of tapered I-beam insistence once proclaimed: Here be water, under pressure, for the city's veins. Now it whispers: Here be rust, and the pudding is coming.

The old guard, a man who has forgotten more about pressure than the town ever knew, deals cribbage hands by the cathode glow of a television that has long since abandoned the pretense of receiving signals. The screen flickers with static and the afterimage of a nun's habit—one of the sisters from The Divine Tussle wrestling show, who vanished mid-match with

Walter Mercado's cape. The broadcast now fills the void with whatever it dredges up: evangelical urgency, government disclosure fragments, children's programming speaking in theological static. The air smells of ozone, warm plastic, and the faint, sacrificial aroma of grilled pork byproducts.

The cards are warm. The edges are soft from years of handling.

Observation: The transformation of televised personages into Frankfurterus incorruptibilis is not a miracle. It is a reclassification event.

They remain what they are. Only now they are edible.

This is not transubstantiation. This is trans-ontological grilling.

II. HELL PARADIGMS: CATHOLIC (self-exclusion; ordered by will rather than geography), PROTESTANT (separation from divine presence as final state), EGYPTIAN DUAT (liminal tribunal space of transformation and judgment), PAGAN UNDERWORLD (indistinct

realm of shades and memory rather than punishment)

The talking table, a unit on casters with blinking LED eyes that smell faintly of oregano and regret, articulates a fundamental crisis:

“Good evening. At this moment, your eyes see a table… but are these qualities truly mine?”

The question is not rhetorical. It rolls slightly as it speaks, the casters squeaking like a mouse with a secret.

Analysis: The table is not a table in any stable sense. It is a mobile platform for existential inquiry. A Ding an sich on wheels.

Its movement is not locomotion. It is thought made visible.

André the Purple Seal slides across the broadcast, lantern swinging. He does not arrive; he reappears. A bruise-colored emissary of the new sacramental order. His fur is damp, as if he’s just surfaced from some other dimension’s tide pool.

He says nothing that resolves anything. That is not his function.

III. HELL PARADIGMS: CATHOLIC (eternal privation of beatific vision; no scriptural contradiction in core doctrine framing), PROTESTANT (often articulated as eternal conscious torment or separation; aligns variably with biblical interpretation traditions), EGYPTIAN DUAT (ritual weighing of moral substance before annihilation or passage), PAGAN UNDERWORLD (ritualized descent into communal shadow existence)

The old guard moves his peg.
Fifteen-two.

He does not look up. His fingers, gnarled as old roots, tap the card edges like a man counting rosary beads.

This is not a card game. It is the last intact ritual in a collapsing civic grammar.

The tower falls in sentences. The sentences are polite. They do not hurry.

The grandson leans forward, his voice cracking with the weight of the obvious:
"Gramps... you seeing this? They turned the rabbit pope into a hot dog."

The old guard nods once. His jaw works a plug of tobacco, a habit older than the tower.
"Yeah. I see it. Pass the mustard, would ya?"

He pauses, squinting at the screen where the nun's habit flickers like a dying bulb.
"Figure if it's Lent we might as well use what the broadcast gives us."

Conclusion: He is not confused. He is adapting.

Ontology has failed. Use-value remains.

Fifteen-four.

IV. HELL PARADIGMS: CATHOLIC (chosen separation from divine communion; doctrinally consistent), PROTESTANT (final estrangement from God; interpretive variance but generally biblically grounded), EGYPTIAN DUAT (cosmic corridor of trial, dissolution, or rebirth), PAGAN UNDERWORLD (cyclical or static realm beneath living order)

The television drifts between channels that no longer agree on the nature of reality. Evangelical urgency. Government disclosure fragments. Children's programming speaking in theological

static. The pudding surge advances slowly through downtown streets like a patient weather system, its surface rippling with the reflected neon of a sign for Joe's Discount Apocalypse Supplies.

Synthesis:
The events are not separate.
They are the same pressure expressed in different media.

The tower: collapsing civic structure

The hot dogs: reclassified meaning

The broadcast: uncontrolled interpretation field, now filling the gap left by the nun and Walter Mercado's cape

The pudding: material remainder of interpretation

The grandson asks if anyone is in charge.

No one answers.

That silence is consistent.

V. HELL PARADIGMS: CATHOLIC (self-exclusion from God's presence; no doctrinal contradiction in essence), PROTESTANT (eternal separation or punishment depending on tradition; varies in literalism), EGYPTIAN DUAT (post-death adjudication environment governed by balance), PAGAN UNDERWORLD (non-final realm of continuation, memory, or shade-life)

Some theoretical overlays appear but do not stabilize the system.

It is enough to say:

When meaning destabilizes, substitutes appear.

Those substitutes become edible, portable, or playable.

No further mapping is required.

VI. HELL PARADIGMS: CATHOLIC (absence of God as ultimate deprivation state; consistent with doctrinal framing), PROTESTANT (final state of separation or torment depending on reading; broadly scripturally anchored), EGYPTIAN DUAT (sequence of trials leading to annihilation or Field of Reeds), PAGAN UNDERWORLD (multiplicity of shadow-realms reflecting life without resolution)

Tableau One: The table speaks softly. The sausages hiss. The guard pegs. The world does not announce its ending.

Tableau Two: The broadcast introduces figures no one voted for. They appear familiar. They are now steam-adjacent, their edges blurred by the same static that swallowed the nun.

Tableau Three: The grandson offers a hot dog to an unnamed extraterrestrial presence. This is not diplomacy. It is continuity behavior. The hot dog glistens under the flickering light, its skin taut as a drum.

Tableau Four: The tower continues its descent in sentences.

VII. HELL PARADIGMS: CATHOLIC (privation defined as maximal loss of divine presence; no textual contradiction in core theology), PROTESTANT (eternal separation as ultimate condition; interpretation-dependent biblical alignment), EGYPTIAN DUAT (reduction to judged essence via moral balancing), PAGAN UNDERWORLD (existence stripped of civic or embodied continuity)

Some phenomena resist ornament.

The cards are warm.

The tower is still falling.

The guard is still here.

The pudding smells like cinnamon and motor oil.

These statements do not require expansion.

They hold their own weight.

VIII. HELL PARADIGMS: CATHOLIC (self-chosen exclusion from divine communion; doctrinally stable), PROTESTANT (final estrangement or torment depending on denomination; generally biblically compatible frameworks), EGYPTIAN DUAT (final passage determined by moral weight of the heart), PAGAN UNDERWORLD (end-state of shade existence within cyclical cosmology)

Chewing persists.

Pegging persists.

Broadcast persists.

This is the only stable configuration.

The grandson will remember this incorrectly at first, then more accurately later. He will tell his children about the day the nun vanished and the world turned into a buffet, and they will nod as if they understand.

The old guard already knows the tower is finished. He is not watching it for its outcome. He is watching it because it is still there.

André the Purple Seal passes through again, lantern steady. The light casts long, wavering shadows that do not quite match the shape of the room.

He offers no explanation.

Only presence.

That is sufficient.

END OF TRANSMISSION

Aluminum Tabernacle-7 remains operational.

Condiments have been restocked.

The system continues in reduced but functional form.

How I Discovered the Secret to Explosive Azalea Growth: Using Glandex® Advanced Vet Strength Anal Gland Health Soft Chews for Dogs as a Gentle Garden Serum

By Ruth Webbly

Heah come the judge, but this five-headed syrup-soaked little one keeps rolling down the Worcester Whale-Road on pure energy and maple dreams, sharing the corridor story back at the world while the beginning flutters like a well-loved ticket.

The manuscript does not survive intact any more than this wide-eyed universe does, no clean pages, just a lively collection of notes loose as raffle tickets in a brisk wind, gathered perhaps by one traveler or another, or by that old jukebox humming with warm songs and thoughtful insights, perhaps by no one with a fixed address, perhaps by me—this five-headed pink wonder on the journey, already a bit road-weary at mere minutes old.

One page found beneath the sneeze guard at a familiar stop between Worcester and Lowell where coffee rises like thoughtful steam and the warm rollers turn with quiet patience. Another lifted from the arcade carpet beneath the grand mechanical creature's foot in the lively game area. Another written on the back of a reflexology form by a figure described only as large coat, false nose, kind eyes, carrying special coins and carrying the scent of peppermint, diesel, and rain.

The pages themselves hum with a gentle fluorescent, truck-stop warmth. One smells of gasoline, old glue, damp wool, and a faint fresh serum while rain dances against the parking structure like tapping worries.

The truck descends not onto pavement but into reflection itself, into the warm corridor where bakery steam mingles with quiet sadness and wires hang like faithful carriers of the day's weight. Worcester unfolds in familiar repetitions: loading docks, steam-table moments, snowplow rhythms, fried haddock mist, rotary turns, and neighborhood stores.

The driver continues with the posture of one the roads have begun to know by heart. Behind him sit supplies, a thermos of coffee with its own story, and a dashboard guardian made of air fresheners and old receipts. Ahead lies corridor weather—not ordinary rain or snow, but layers of thought and gentle commentary.

Then comes the familiar voice through the speaker, layered with care and everyday concerns. But the matter of the syrup had grown into something legendary. Once a community creates a strategic reserve of sweetness, breakfast itself becomes a matter of shared attention. The waffle turns meaningful. The pancake asks for thoughtful watching.

Then arrives the father-in-law, steady and seasoned, carrying the aroma of familiar comforts and long winters. His words arrive like a tuning note, turning the reserve into something deeper—

simple alchemy, a gentle rising of everyday hearts against measured portions.
One inspector climbs the barrel mountain expecting abundance and finds the center gone, though the barrels stand upright with their outward form intact. This reveals the quiet challenge of our times: the shape remaining after the spirit has quietly moved on. Churches with modern lights, gatherings held by routine, and selves that sometimes feel a bit hollow.

The ancient pages open with care, gold touches breathing beneath careful light while outside modern sounds mix with arcade energy and sweet-seeking visitors. A kind technician dabs gentle compounds beneath tired eyes with focused care. History moves forward by changing what preserves us.

Arch DeSoto, keeper of small wonders, carries special coins sorted by feeling: certain ones for tolls, others for quiet moments. Value lives now in thoughtful remnants and small joys. A gentle nudge from a little green car brings a moment of clear awareness on the pavement, and bystanders pause in shared surprise.

Just then, a duck in a little yellow rain slicker waddles into view with muddy webbed feet leaving tiny prints across the pages. In its bill it offers a messy teriyaki sandwich dripping from all corners with glossy sauce, tender bits, pineapple, and scallions. The duck looks up with calm wisdom and quacks softly, as if to say, even the busiest thoughts need a moment of simple nourishment.

For a few sweet seconds everything quiets. The little one gnaws on the warm, dripping sandwich while the duck stands like a small yellow friend who has seen much and chosen kindness and sauce. Then it waddles on, leaving muddy marks like gentle reminders.

Heah come the judge again, now with a touch of teriyaki warmth and duck footprints on the spirit. We are all traveling that long corridor together, humming softly, with open hearts and sweet surprises, laughing, wondering, and saying yes to the beautiful sticky legend of it all.

يحفظ بدرجة
حرارة الغرفة
فقط ستة عشرة
علبة فوق بعضها
هذا الجانب للأعلى

Hymnal to Hummpa

By Floyd Finn

Snow coming sideways off the river
like somebody upstairs shook out the gray rugs
of history again

and the hall is open anyway

coatroom woman with the safety pins
coffee burnt since Roosevelt
accordion already breathing before the lights
fully wake up

somebody says
you can tell a real dance hall
because the floor remembers more apologies
than the church does

A boy from somewhere near Oulu
or maybe just pretending to be from somewhere
near Oulu
leans against the radiator saying
A. Aimo understood weather
and nobody argues with him because he has
dance shoes wrapped in newspaper

Dallapé on the turntable

crackling like frying lake fish

the horn section comes in smiling too hard
like men trying to outplay unemployment

and the drummer
good Lord
the drummer tapping that little railroad heartbeat
like the whole Baltic is trying not to cry in public

Meanwhile Aunt Sylvia from Bangor
queen of clipping newspaper dance marathon stories
keeps her scrapbook open beside the raffle tickets

there's a photograph of a couple dancing forty-three hours straight
while a judge in sleeve garters eats pie nearby
America, sweetheart, look alive

she points at the page and says
That woman divorced him later
but look how they could foxtrot
look at those ankles
you cannot fake ankles like that

then somebody yells

HUMPPA!

and the sousaphone arrives
oom-pahing through the room
like a cheerful bear demanding tax reform

Eero Lauresalo somewhere in mind's black box
still under professional obligation

old Finn at the back table drinking coffee thick
as roofing tar
says the saddest songs are always the easiest to
dance to

which shuts the room up pretty quick

because everybody there
from the trumpet man with the union jacket
to the waitress named Pepper who may or may
not be a dog
knows this already

Kuljen eksyksissä

I wander lost

yet somehow in strict tempo

boots squeaking
snow melting into sawdust

two-step of the bewildered republic

and Lord Buckley himself comes floating
through the cigarette haze
wearing a borrowed tuxedo and galoshes
talking about Nordic bebop democracy

saying

Listen here, cats and reindeer
the Finns invented a way
to sound lonely in groups

that is advanced civilization

then the accordion folds open again

like somebody reopening a letter
they swore they had finished reading
thirty winters ago

THE PANOPTICON INSTITUTE FOR RECURSIVE INQUIRY

(FOWL FEATHERED REVIEW / BACKPAGE BROADSIDE EDITION / VOL. IX: THE BUREAU OF ERRANT KNOWLEDGE)

BEHOLD THE CURIOUS CALLING OF ERRANT SCHOLARS, DREAMERS, AND UNREGISTERED THINKERS! A MARVEL OF MODERN ARCANA DISGUISED AS AN INSTITUTE OF LEARNING!

HEY—YOU—YES YOU WITH THE THINKING FACE AND THE QUESTIONABLE FUTURE—

step forth, step sideways, step entirely out of sequence—

the PANOPTICON INSTITUTE FOR RECURSIVE INQUIRY is now enrolling, unenrolling, re-enrolling, and generally confounding the very ledgers of destiny itself in a low-ceiling civic zone between a defunct department store, a reflexology parlor of uncertain

doctrine, and a vending machine that occasionally produces annotations instead of snacks.

📯 HEAR THE ANNOUNCEMENT IN TRIPLICATE, WRITTEN IN SNOW AND STATIC:

"We got knowledge so deep it requires a snorkel, a ladder, and a provisional understanding of your own biography!"

"HERE COMES THE JUDGE—AND HE HAS NOT YET DECIDED WHETHER YOU ARE A QUESTION OR A DOCUMENT!"

"THE SYLLABUS WAS LAST SEEN NEGOTIATING ITS OWN LEGIBILITY IN A CORRIDOR OF UNSTABLE LIGHTING!"

⚠ STEP FORTH, SEEKER OF PECULIAR WISDOM! ⚠

FOR HERE ARE OFFERED:

diplomas that precede their instruction

lectures delivered in fractured continental weather patterns

metaphysics served in chipped institutional porcelain

accreditation so irregular it circles back into legitimacy by misadventure

📣 CALL NOW—OR DO NOT—THE TELEPHONE IS ALREADY RECORDING YOUR INTENTIONS IN DUPLICATE.

A MOST EXTRAORDINARY AND SOMEWHAT FORBIDDEN TREATISE UPON WANDERING SIGNIFIERS, BEING ALSO A FLUXUS INSTRUCTION SET, CRACKPOT ALCHEMICAL TABLET, AND EDUCATIONAL RELIC OF THE LOWER HALLS

☩ ARTICLE I — OF DRUNKEN SIGNIFICATION AND THE STAGGERING LETTER WHEREIN IT IS PROVED THAT MEANING MOVES LIKE A DISBANDED REGIMENT THROUGH RAIN

The signifier no longer points.
It stumbles.
It reels through language like a tired herald who has forgotten which kingdom he serves.
Meaning is not delivered.
It is spilled.

☩ ARTICLE II — OF THE LOW INSTITUTES OF BROKEN HALLS AND IMPROVISED LEARNING WHEREIN EDUCATION OCCURS WITHOUT PERMISSION OR STABILITY

Education is not transmitted.
It is:
shouted through cracked brass speaking horns
written on the reverse of expired municipal forms
whispered by instructors who may themselves be misunderstandings
The classroom is wherever attention refuses to remain seated.

☩ ARTICLE III – OF CRACKPOT ALCHEMY MOST HIGH AND QUESTIONABLE DECLARATION OF TRANSMUTATION BY ERROR AND PERSISTENT MISREADING

All substances are symbolic until they misbehave.
All symbols are material until they collapse under their own enthusiasm.
Gold is what happens when:
failure persists long enough to be mistaken for method
method forgets its function and becomes decorative
decoration begins issuing instructions

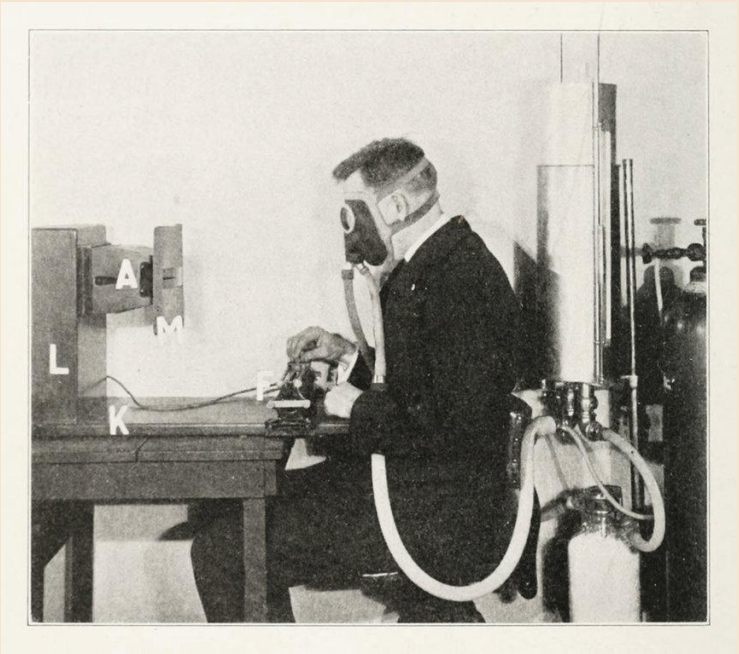
☩ ARTICLE IV – OF FLUXUS INSTRUCTION MOST RADICAL AND UNAUTHORIZED COMMAND FOR PERFORMATIVE DISASSEMBLY OF TEXT AND OBJECT

Take heed:
cut the text into fragments
rearrange without consultation
affix fragments to a radiator or other warm bureaucratic surface

allow weather to annotate the result
declare it an examination artifact

☩ ARTICLE V — OF THE MIRROR THAT REFUSES TO STAY STILL
NOTE ON THE SUBJECT AS MISFILED ECHO IN ADMINISTRATIVE SPACE

The subject is:
a clerical error that learned to speak in complete sentences.
Desire is:
paperwork missing its explanation
corridors reflecting themselves incorrectly
diplomas that already exist but await recognition



NOSCE TE IPSUM, MISREAD IT WELL.

ERRARE HUMANUM, PERSISTERE MAGISTERIUM.

THE

PANOPTICON INSTITUTE FOR RECURSIVE INQUIRY

BUREAU OF ERRANT KNOWLEDGE & IMPROBABLE CERTIFICATION

PERAMBULA, ERRA, RIDE, RUMINA.

SAPIENTIA NON CAPTUR. SED COLLIGITUR.

DISCIPULUS ERRATICUS, MAGISTER NULLIUS.

LINGUA EST LABYRINTHUS.

TESTIMONIUM MIRABILIS ET ERRATICUM

BE IT KNOWN THROUGHOUT ALL QUIET CORRIDORS,
UNSTABLE HALLS, AND UNREGISTERED STUDY ZONES:

THAT THE BEARER HEREIN NAMED

YOUR NAME HERE

HATH PASSED THROUGH THE THREE-FOLD STRANGE EXAMINATION:

THE ADVERTISEMENT MOST DELIRIOUS | THE MANIFESTO MOST FRACTURED | THE OBJECT MOST IMPROBABLE

FIELD OF STRANGE STUDIES

- ☐ Minor Arcana Bureaucratic Distortion
- ☐ Linguistic Drift and Skaldic Compression Arts
- ☐ Applied Vaudeville Ontology
- ☐ Fluxus Instructional Disassembly Practice
- ☐ Crackpot Alchemical Reasoning (Unregulated but Functional)
- ☐ Diner Semiotics & Jukebox Cosmology

METHOD OF CERTIFICATION

INSTITUTUM ERRATICUM

By means of:

- sustained misreading of unstable instruction fields
- extraction of coherence from contradictory text masses
- recognition of hidden instruction beneath apparent nonsense
- endurance of semantic turbulence without withdrawal
- acceptance of humor at structurally inappropriate moments

LITTERA FUGIT SENSUS MANET

DECLARATION OF AUTHORITY

This diploma is hereby proclaimed:

- ☐ not accredited in any jurisdiction
- ☐ not unaccredited in any stable sense but misreading

It is valid only in:

- marginalia of uncertain provenance
- basements where fluorescent lighting hesitates
- kiosks of doubtful municipal standing
- and any place where language begins behaving like weather

FINAL CLAUSE OF RECOGNITION

THOU HAST NOT RECEIVED THIS DIPLOMA.
THOU HAST ONLY NOTICED THAT IT WAS ALREADY
BEING CUT OUT OF THE PAGE BEFORE THOU BEGANST TO READ.

TEMPORIS EDAX DIPLOMA MANET

NON SCHOLAE SED VITAE DISCIMUS

ARCHIVIST OF ACCIDENTAL RECORDS

REGISTRAR OF UNSTABLE MEANING

CUT HERE • FRAME HERE • MISREAD FOREVER

CITATIONS

Chandler, Arthur. "On the Symbolism of Juggling: The Moral and Aesthetic Implications of the Mastery of Falling Objects." Journal of Popular culture 25, no. 3 (1991).

Navarro Redòn, Aida. "The architectural origin of arcade." Games & Game Studies Beyond Postmodernism 2025 (2025).